

THE JOURNAL is as good a newspaper as its conductors are able to make it; it is for its readers to compare it with other publications.

# THE JOURNAL.

One good test of newspaper excellence is its ratio of growth. People will not continue to buy a poor paper, nor a conscienceless paper.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

## HENRY OF NAVARRE AGAINST CLIFFORD.

Suburban Looks Like a Match Between the Mighty Pair of Racehorses.

Candidates Sent Through the Mud in Their Final Gallops for the Great Event.

Critics Have Little Fault to Find with the Form Displayed By Any of Them.

THE COMMONER A DOUBTFUL STARTER.

Third Place Seems to Be Between Sir Walter and Belmar, and the Former Is Well Fancied Despite His Weight.

Another horse will have won the Suburban before the sun sets, and so put the finishing touch to his career. Maybe it will be an outsider, destined to upset all the calculations of the "sharps" and the well-laid plans of shrewd owners and trainers, but, in the absence of such a freak of fortune as has given the sport its oft-quoted reputation for "glorious uncertainty," it will be one of two doughty warriors that have been tried and proven in many a hard-fought battle.

Henry of Navarre or Clifford? Which is it to be that will gain the coveted prize? Or will it be the history of such a year as Loantaka's, when the cast-off of a rich man's stable, the Ugly Duckling, as the horse has actually been named in his day, passed the post with the flower of the alleged division behind him? It looks scarcely possible that we shall see a big surprise, and yet we have said the same thing dozens of times before, and then gone home, vainly attempting to figure out a reasonable



explanation of how the outsider got home and the favorite finished in the rack.

Whichever horse wins to-day's handicap, the chances are that his victory will be seen by the greatest crowd that has gathered on any race course in the neighborhood of New York in several years. Fair Sheephead is blooming like the rose under the diligent care of Superintendent Frank Clarke, and Sheephead is always a popular resort with Summer holiday makers. Society will be there; such society, at least, as has not gone abroad or too far afield in search of Summer pleasure. From the Long Island colonies and resorts, from the watering places of New Jersey, from Westchester County and Staten Island, the butterflies of fashion will come to show themselves and their toilets, and from that great "downtown," where each week sees millions dwindle or grow, will come an army of busy workers, to whom the race course offers the healthiest and pleasantest of outdoor pastimes. And the ranks of fashion and wealth will be reinforced by those who in other countries one would call the middle classes—those who form the great backbone of our social system. To them all, with their myriad tastes, the turf represents the acme of an enjoyable holiday, fresh air, intensest interest, excitement so keen that as the whips crack and the thoroughbreds strain for the last mighty effort, it is acutely akin to pain. The air is rent with shouts, as the winners gallantly struggles home, the personification of all the qualities that go to make the "thoroughbred," whether man or beast; and yet, the shouters are persons for whom life for the most part flows in even, unbroken calm, to whom a hearty yell anywhere else than on a race course would seem an impossibility. The thrilling battles of the turf draw the heart clear of the galling, small cares of life, and, search high, search low, no more glorious panacea can be found.

But there is business in racing, and the task of finding the winner is one that proves engrossing. In such a race as the Suburban even those for whom the chance to back their opinions has no charm have a form an opinion—and express it. To-day

the adherents of Henry of Navarre and Clifford will form the great bulk of the racegoers. Probably not one in six will mention the name of another starter as being likely to beat the top weights. It may be that the Westerner, The Commoner,

will find some friends because of his being a stranger. Sir Walter, his accumulated weight notwithstanding, will surely have some friends to stand by him, especially after his victory in the Brooklyn Handicap. So will inspect the track with sedulous

care to see if it be wet enough to give Lakeland's club-footed Hornpipe a change to steal another classical victory, and some citizens from Brooklyn will not overlook Nanki Pooh. But for all that it will be Clifford or Henry of Navarre—Henry of

Navarre or Clifford at any rate till the field has passed the post. Only seven are sent out as likely to start in the event of the day, and even then one of them, The Commoner, is officially marked "doubtful." Rumor has had

it during the last forty-eight hours that more would go to the post, the most prominent absentee being William Jennings's Dutch Skater, the sturdy son of Dutch Roller and Lena. It had been thought a certainty that the five-year-old would carry the "blue, white cap" in the big event, and the absence of his name from the official list of entries has occasioned no small surprise. This, of course, does not prevent his starting, if the conditions seem favorable to his owner tomorrow. The "rail birds" all pronounce the horse very fit and ready to run for a king's ransom, and though his form does not seem to give him much chance in such company, it is not at all impossible that his number may go up.

There was a wild rumor in the air yesterday that Messrs. C. Fleischman & Sons's Haima would go to the post. The four-year-old son of Hanover is at 117 pounds and would not have needed to be as good as his Western reputation would seem to indicate to have had a great chance had he not gone amiss. But the black colt has been continuously on the "easy list" since he left Dr. Sheppard's care. It is the intention of Mr. Fleischman to have him trained this year, but if he has done anything that would yet entitle him to go a mile and a quarter in any company, it must have been at some hour when all persons, both good and bad, were peacefully slumbering.

To leave the night-have-beens and get down to possibilities, Henry of Navarre has done everything that has been asked of him. Of course, he has only once been seen in public this season, and on that occasion was set the stupendous task of eating such cattle as Mingo II. and Ven-

tanna over the Withers mile. This was on May 21, and he was undoubtedly high in flesh at the time, but John Hyland has had plenty of time and opportunity to put an edge on him since. Yesterday morning, with Henry Griffin in the saddle, the gallant chestnut went the handicap distance in 2:13, going in great style and well within himself. It must be remembered that the Long Island race courses were then muddy and heavy, while the air was close and sultry. Henry of Navarre went through the going as if it was just to his fancy. Last Saturday morning he went the mile and a quarter in 2:30½, with weight up and in rattling good style, afterward galloping out a mile and half in 2:38. This should be good enough to suit any one. Were the horse in some trainer's hands his lack of public work would tell against him, but Hyland has proved, time and time again, that he can get them ready to run the hardest kind of race the first time of the stable. With Griffin up Henry of Navarre will have the disadvantage of a lot of dead weight on his back, should the delay at the post be great; but this, with so small a field, is not probable, and Griffin will handle him to the best advantage during the race.

It has surprised many that Henry of Navarre's stable-mate, Keenan, was not sent out as a starter. His recent work has seemed to indicate that he has rounded too, and might be expected to show better form than he has since he coughed so badly after running second in the Gotham Handicap at Morris Park.

J. W. Rogers had Clifford out yesterday at Sheephead Bay and sent him also the handicap distance in 2:15. This the son of Bramble did in dashing style, negotiat-

## SUBURBAN CANDIDATES.